The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE PRESSURE OF GOD

Acts 17:28: "In Him we live and move and have our being."

I should like to place beside those words of St. Paul, a statement from St. Augustine to be found in his "Confessions": "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in thee."

Both St. Paul and St. Augustine are among those God-intoxicated people who have been able to testify to an intimate knowledge of the Divine. We call such people mystics, and their number is legion. They are not limited to the prominent few who have left written records and confessions. Multitudes, throughout the ages, have, in quiet and unostentatious ways, in the secret recesses of their own souls, borne witness to the presence of God. In short, there is a touch of mysticism in every one of us.

It is always necessary, however, that we keep ourselves in tune with God, that we check up on ourselves from time to time, to see whether we are really in love with the higher values of life.

When St. Paul spoke of his God as one in whom he lived and moved and had his very being, that feeling was a profound reality to him. Throughout his career, it is evident that St. Paul experienced not only the presence of God, but what we may call the pressure of God. It is this pressure of God, this insistency of the divine spirit in men's lives, that comes to us so often unawares, without our realizing fully what it is that impels us to choose the ways of truth and beauty and goodness.

But it is possible also for all of us to be aware of God who thus keeps us restless until we find rest and assurance in him. Yes, all of us have the capacity to know God, but not all of us use it and develop it.

The story is told of how, long ago, a weary, disillusioned Roman stood one day at the foot of Mount Olympus, the legendary home of the gods of ancient Greece. "But," said he, "I saw nothing but snow and ice." Even so, one man lifts his eyes unto the hills and they become for him a visible form of an invisible spirit spelling dependability and strength. Another finds there only "snow and ice."

One man looks at the night sky and sings of it:

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork."

While another declares, as did one great astronomer, "I have searched the heavens with my telescope and nowhere have I found God."

Not all of us cultivate that insight which sees a spiritual world penetrating this world of the material and the commonplace. Not all of us are aware of the indwelling God. The pressure of God upon us is like the pressure of the atmosphere. The latter is something we do not feel except when the wind blows, and yet it is an ever-present fact, that pressure of so many pounds per square inch, enveloping us all the time.

Men feel that pressure of God upon them in their insatiable search for scientific truth. Darwin pushing forward his researches to discover the great facts of evolution, Newton poring over his figures and deducing the law of gravitation, Edison tinkering in his laboratory to give the world the comforts of electricity, Pasteur tirelessly experimenting with deadly germs to give the world immunity from many diseases,—all of

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these worked under pressure,—the pressure of God.

Again, men experience God's pressure in the urge to create beauty and order and peace in the world. Wherever men strive to change ugliness into beauty, disharmony and strife into order and goodwill, wherever men seek to lift the down-trodden and relieve the oppressed, wherever they try to create a social order based on love and mercy and justice and respect for all their fellowmen as children of God, there you will find the pressure of the Divine.

Tolstoy once wrote, "God is life; to know God is to live." The pressure of God is upon us all the time. Like the pressure of the air, like the revolution of the earth at 1000 miles an hour, both of which may not appear to affect our lives at all, God is ever-present, ready to break through into our consciousness with ever new revelations of mystery and assurance and peace. Without that God-pressure in our lives we would not be conscious at all. He is always with us. To know him is to have life; to yield to his gentle but insistent influence is to live abundantly. For "in him we live and move and have our being."

—Rev. Elbridge F. Stoneham.

When the use of anæsthetics was first introduced in England, the clergy, almost without exception, denounced it, saying the Lord wanted us to suffer and doctors had no right to make patients unconscious and free from pain. A young Scotch doctor advised clergymen to read in Genesis how "the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam" before he took out his rib.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING

The story of the widow of whom the Way-shower said that the modest two mites she dropped into the temple treasury was more than all the rich gifts of the wealthy, has no doubt been repeated times without number in the history of Christianity. Here is an instance that occurred recently in connection with an English town.

A little group of women, who wanted to help in the building of a mission church in Africa, arranged to meet regularly to do needlework which they could sell in aid of the building fund. One member had no money with which to purchase materials, but she collected remnants of bright-colored silks and satins, and with these she made a large patchwork quilt, into which she stitched many loving thoughts and many earnest prayers for the coming of God's kingdom on earth.

Her fellow-workers sold what they had made, but the quilt was considered old-fashioned and not valued very highly. Finally it was sent out to the mission house in Africa, where also it seemed to have no proper place, and was merely thrown over some unsightly boxes to hide them.

In the meantime negotiations for the purchase of a site for the church were being carried on. The African chief who owned all the land seemed very unwilling to come to terms, and had not been satisfied with any price that had been offered. At last he consented to go to the mission house to discuss the matter, but no progress was made during the interview. As he was departing, his eye was caught by the bright colors of the patchwork quilt. He seized upon it eagerly. "Give me this," he said, "and you shall have the land."

With gratitude on both sides, the bargain was clinched, and the chief went home delighted, a brilliant "cloak of many colors" draped around his shoulders.

The "poor widow" had yet once again "cast in more than they all."

—Selected.

DREAM HOUSES OF SAMOA

The road up to Vailima is perfectly lovely, with its green spillways to the sea, the tree-clad heights of Vaea, the sharp dipping valleys of the Vai-Singano, the swift-running water-courses and waterfalls, the deep pool shaded with orange-trees where Stevenson used to bathe; though even here what attracted me more than anything else, the only thing which has, so far, really touched me in the whole island, were the groups of native houses that I passed on my way up to Vailima. And these are like nothing which I have ever seen before, in their fitness and charm, in the cleanliness and delicacy of their surroundings, with their little lawns smooth as pigeons' breasts, shorn by hand with long knives, their flower-beds thick with roses, cannas, balsams and zinnias of many colors.

The Samoan native house carried all the enchantment of the dream houses of my childhood days; the perfect house in the perfect wood, which not even Barrie himself has been able altogether to reconstruct for me; the house of happiness and joy and plenty and beauty, full of song and laughter, familiar to fairies and a veritable part of the woodland itself.

The Samoan house has the smoothness and glint of the wing of a golden-tinted butterfly. It is very large, comprising one room only, and round or oval in shape. The immensely high roof of dried and plaited sugar-cane — arched over with slender semicircular laths of wood, crossed by heavier beams, for all the world like the inside of an overturned boat—is upheld by two upright posts in the oval houses and one in the round; the whole being fastened together with elaborate plaitings of black and red-brown and biscuit-colored twine worked into an infinitude of geometrical patterns. There is not a single nail in the building. All the wood in these houses is of delicate shades of biscuit and cinnamon. The sides have open cinnamon-colored blinds of plaited sugar-cane, ready to let down if the sun is too hot, or the rain beats in too fiercely from one side or the other. The carpet, raised a couple of feet above the level of the ground outside, is formed of the finest transparent black pebbles smoothly raked.

For furniture there are a table, a few cedarwood boxes, piles of finely woven and patterned mats, and a number of white-covered pillows. By the fineness and number of his mats is a man's wealth known. Some are so rare, so fine, that you can crunch them up in your hand like a piece of silk.

Today I have been sitting in the house of a chief—or, rather, lying lazing upon a pile of mats fully four feet by six in size, fringed round with brilliantly colored wools—looking out upon a pleasant green lawn with other houses dotted round it, and flower-beds and borders, like silken patches and gay ribbons, running down to a lake-like inlet from the sea. . . . While I talked to my host and played with the baby, the little wife, who had no English, sat by, nodding and smiling; and the retainers, men and women from the other little houses in the village — who do all the work of the chief's house, the sweeping and drawing of water — gathered upon the outer fringe of the pebbled floor, smiling, too, full of interest and a fine courtesy. And the air flowed coolly through the open house and around us.

—Elinor Mordaunt, in "The Venture Book."

FOR JOY

For each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing—
For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep—
For stars that pierce the sombre dark,
For morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark—
For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and blossomy lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain—
For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod—
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!

—Florence Earle Coates.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

This Department is happy to announce that all *regular correspondents* printed in the January, February and March issues have been adopted by an Alliance branch. In this issue we are printing another list of shut-ins asking for a regular correspondent. If your branch does not do this type of *Cheerful Letter* work, please consider it, for we feel sure that you will enjoy the exchange of friendly letters.

Will all *Cheerful Letter* chairmen please send their annual list of *regular correspondents* to Mrs. Hurst at this time?

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents* and it might be well to make a second choice.

1. Mrs. Jahlia Vermillion, Polly, Ky., would like a correspondent. She is 48 years old and has five children ranging in age from 5 to 23. Every Sunday she attends the Methodist Church which is only a mile and a half away. The children travel 2 miles to school.

2. I have been moving around so much during the past year that I have not had time to write. I am now living at home and would appreciate hearing from someone. My little son is 4 years old and I am 30. There are very few people in this section, and my mother and I are so lonesome. Mrs. Guffo Greer, Volney, Va.

3. Mrs. James L. Hamilton, Rt. 1, c/o Enbanks Store, Amherst, Va., is anxious to receive letters. Of her 11 children, 8 are living, the youngest one being 10 years old. Her 52 years have been filled with hardships but the neighbors have been extremely kind to her. Reading, puzzles and bits of thread would bring cheer to this lonely woman.

4. I would appreciate it if someone would correspond with me as I live in a rather quiet village having a population of about 1000. We have a nice, new church with Sunday School every week. My age is 29 and I have a boy 3 and a girl 6 years old. Mrs. Wheeler Jarreth, Stanleytown, Va.

5. Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Rt. 1, Leaksville, N. C., has moved to an isolated section and desires to write to anyone who would care to exchange letters with her. The boys' ages are 2 months, 4, 7 and 11 years old, and the girls' ages are 2 and 9 years, her own being 33. The children would enjoy books and postcards.

6. Will some kind friend please send a discouraged mother a few words of cheer? I am 35 years old and have to stay alone on a small farm with my seven children. My little 4-year-old boy can neither walk nor talk and, if God will spare him until he can tell me what he wants, I will be so much better satisfied. Mrs. Rosie Combs, Box 68, Troutdale, Va.

7. Mrs. Bertha Stike, Lansing, N. C., is 53 years of age and the mother of 9 children, most of whom are now grown-up. Life is dull and uninteresting in this small village, and she longs to hear from the outside world.

8. I have three lovely children, a girl 10 and two boys 5 and 8 years old. I am 29 years old and take an active part in our community affairs. I attend the Baptist Church most every Sunday, and the children love their Sunday School. I like to write letters and learn about other parts of the country. Mrs. Horace A. Aldridge, Albemarle, N. C.

9. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Grassy Creek, N. C., would like to receive friendly letters. She has five children between the ages of 6 and 14, and she is 33. Church services are held once a month, but, other than that, there isn't much going on.

10. My home is in the country, 10 miles east of the Blue Ridge Mountains and a long way from any town or public works. Because I am 65 years old, I am unable to walk very far to visit anyone. I should be happy if someone would care to correspond with me. Miss Pattie Jefferson, Rt. 2, Stuart, Va.

11. Mrs. Hazel Turner, Rt. 1, Box 55, Cleveland, Ark., has lived on a rented farm in the drought stricken area for seven years. Although she has many neighbors, she is lonely and disheartened, and would be grateful for letters to cheer a young, married woman of 25.

12. When my second husband obtained a position in this state, it was necessary for me to move here from Tennessee with our 2-year-old daughter. I lost my 12-year-old girl about a year ago and I was living at home with my sick mother and four younger brothers. I am very lonesome and should like to exchange letters. Mrs. Laura C. Belcher, 1108 23rd Street North, Birmingham, Ala.

APPEALS

Space does not permit the Department to print a long list of appeals, but we are glad to publish the following. The majority of these folks have not had a printed appeal for some time and we feel sure that your interest will be appreciated. These are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. Mrs. Pearl Galliharl, Rupert, Ark., who lives with her widowered father, has a boy 10 and a girl 7. Because her father objects to sending the children 8 miles to school by bus, she is trying to teach them herself, and would appreciate school materials. As this part of the country is sparsely settled, she gets very lonely, and desires reading and sewing materials.

2. My boys are 7, 16 and 18 years old, and we live in the country, remote from stores and churches. On account of the mud, we are not able to attend church in winter. We would be glad to receive magazines and books. Mrs. Emma Hill, Naola, Va.

3. Mrs. V. E. Bristow, Rt. 1, Athens, Tex., is grateful for the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* which is sent to her. Her 2-year-old son likes to look at pictures, her husband enjoys puzzles and reading matter, and she does fancy work whenever she can get the materials.

4. I am a widow with 5 grown-up children, 3 of whom are married. I make my home with my oldest son, and as we are so isolated, I would appreciate any kind of cheer, such as reading or knitting. Mrs. Ellen Emerson, Crabtree, Ark.

5. Miss Maud Ashley, Warrensville, N. C., 14 years of age, is asking for pencils, paper and crayons to help her in her schoolwork. She would also like a book of blank maps, and any kind of good literature.

6. I live on rented land in an out-of-the-way place with my husband and baby girl, 1 year old. I would love to have bits of thread and old silk stockings for making hooked rugs, as I like to keep busy during my leisure time. Mrs. Burton Badger, Sturgills, N. C.

7. Mrs. Eva M. King, Bina, N. C., is a widow 64 years of age. Having raised a large family consisting of 5 girls and 3 boys, she feels that she can now devote her time to her hobbies, which are reading, sewing and raising flowers. Due to the unusually severe winter, she fears that she has lost most of her house plants, which she has had from 8 to 16 years.

8. Our home is at the foot of a big mountain, and it is 17 miles to the nearest town. My 3 boys, who are 14, 17 and 20 years old, work when they can. My husband cannot see well, and I am in bad health. We all enjoy good reading and scrapbooks. Mrs. Andy Hill, c/o C. D. Smith, Rt. 3, Soddy, Tenn.

9. Mrs. Dorothy Goats, Woolum, Ark., is the mother of 2 boys, 8 months and 11 years old, and 4 girls, 2, 5, 7 and 14. She does not have much chance to educate the children so would appreciate reading matter and any kind of fancy work.

10. I am a young farmer's wife with two baby girls. My husband works a yoke of oxen to plow the fields in which we raise corn, cotton and vegetables. I intend to plant the corn if I am able, and I also have a little flower garden. I would be grateful for books or magazines and sewing materials. Mrs. Rellie Ratliff, Scotland, Ark.

11. Mrs. Nancy Watson, Rt. 2, Madisonville, Tenn., has four girls and a boy, 16 years old. They live in a thinly settled country where church services are held whenever weather permits. They would like reading, fancy work and jigsaw puzzles.

12. I live far back in the mountains with my husband and five children, four of whom would appreciate anything to help them in their schoolwork. They are in the 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th grades. I would be glad to receive embroidery thread and sugar or flour sacks. Mrs. Oscar M. Sale, Rt. 1, Amherst, Va.

13. Mrs. Callie Brooks, Brandon, N. C., wishes that some kind friend would send her reading matter, stamped pieces and writing tablets. She has to spend most of the long days alone as her husband is away farming much of the time and her son, 11 years old, goes to school.

A GOSSIP ON MAY DAY

The month of May in New England does not come in with such reliable warmth as would invite many of us, even if we lived in a community where the pleasure was feasible and the present enthusiasm for antiques had revived the practice, to dance around a Maypole. As James Russell Lowell sometime and somewhere wrote, "May is a pious fraud of the almanac." But not so thought the fourteenth century poet who wrote of Old England:

"Mery time it is in May;
The foules syngeth her lay;
The knighttes loveth the tornay;
Maydens so dauncen and thay play."

An opinion about the climate depends upon where it is uttered; and it may be that lack of May Day festivity in New England came about less because of Puritan settlement than because, as Puritanism relaxed, the climate did not. Once upon a time, as the historically minded will recall, there was one May-pole; but Puritanism had certainly not then relaxed, and its occupation of the chosen site was brief. Old England, where the May-poles went down under the Commonwealth and came up again under the Restoration, has them no more. Washington Irving saw one of the last of them. "I shall never forget," he wrote in his *Sketch Book*, "the delight I felt on first seeing a Maypole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old

bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. . . . My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. . . . I value every custom that tends to infuse poetic feeling into the common people and softens the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of the custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment."

Those were vain regrets. It is not inconceivable that where Washington Irving saw a May-pole, close by the picturesque old bridge, there may now be a billboard (for England also has that "problem"); and little did other regretful observers imagine how much further the advantages enjoyed under an advanced civilization would carry us, peasants and all, from the simpler pleasure of dancing together around a May-pole. For it appears in the retrospect that there was a time when ladies and gentlemen took part in May Day festivity. One may read in Chaucer that early on May Day, "forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh," which seems evidently to include the king and the queen and the little princes. That was a long time ago. They had no alarm clocks—but they went to bed earlier and never dreamed that civilization was advancing toward a time when people would need such an invention to get them up in the morning, to say nothing of pushing the hands an hour ahead just before May Day in order to get them up that much earlier and so happily provide them with an extra hour of sunlight in the late afternoon. The shepherds, too, had a fine time in those days, as we may read in Spenser, his *Shepheard's Calendar*. And who that reads it but will agree that:

"To see these folks make such jouissance
Made my heart after the pipe to dance."

Yet it is not surprising that the Puritans, when they came into power, did not look at such festivities so smilingly. Not only did the Puritan believe dancing antipodal to deliverance, but Puritanism conscientiously regarded such May Day merry-making as a survival of Paganism. Had not ancient Rome started it with the Floralia, or Floral Games, honoring goddess Flora and welcoming the return of the flowers? And had not Druid heathendom also selected the first of May to honor, it is believed, the deified sun and celebrate its returning warmth? But it seems more reasonable to attribute something of May Day to the Romans, who gathered flowers, than to the Druids, who built bonfires on hilltops. The learned Bulfinch tells me that the Druids called their annual ceremony "Beltane": it seems to have had nothing in common with the Roman Floralia. When Rome fell, something of the Floralia may well have continued, coming down through the Middle Ages in lands where the advent of spring coincided with the advent of May, though the origin was forgotten.

In this casual research I have come upon no statement of the origin of the May-pole. It was part and parcel of Merry England when antiquarian John Stow wrote his *Survey of London* in 1598, and so it had been apparently over at least a century. The parish church of St. Andrew the Apostle, he noted, had also been called St. Andrew Undershaft "because that of old time, every year on May-day in the morning, it was used, that an high or long shaft or May-pole, was set up there, in the midst of the street, before the south side of the said church, which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." When not set up and fixed in the ground, this impressive May-pole was hung on stout hooks along the front of a row of houses. Indeed, one glimpses here a practical side to Puritan opposition of May Day festivities; for, says Stow, "this shaft was not raised at any time since evil May-day (so called of an insurrection made by apprentices and other young persons

against aliens in the year 1517)." Stow himself had heard a sermon preached against that May-pole, evidently a moving sermon, "for in the afternoon of that present Sunday, the neighbours and tenants over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had well dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks, whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house." Thus was an idol, "as he, poore man, tearmed it," says the first edition of the *Survey*, done away with, but without much diminishing the May-pole population of English towns and villages. Under the Commonwealth the case was different. May-poles were everywhere suppressed with Cromwellian vigor. The Parliament of 1644 decreed that "all and singular May-poles that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down"—and down they came.

In 1661, celebrating the Restoration, the May-poles came back. There came to London, with much shouting and beating of drums, a cedar pole one hundred and thirty-four feet long, to be set up in the Strand, and there it stood well into the eighteenth century. When it came down, Sir Isaac Newton acquired part of it to use in supporting the great telescope that had been presented to the Royal Society; but its memory lingered. In 1800 an anonymous poet wrote—

"What's not destroy'd by Time's relentless hand?
Where's Troy?—and where's the May-pole in the Strand?"

They were gay creations, those vanished May-poles. The observer Stubbes wrote in 1584 of May-poles, "covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the top to the bottom, and sometyme painted with variable colours." A community took pride in its May-pole, and the celebration of May Day, beginning with early morning pilgrimage to the fields in search of flowers and continuing with dancing on the green around the May-pole, was not confined, as Washington Irving seems to have thought, to the unsophisticated peasantry. It seems plausible that industrial changes coming into effect in the nineteenth century should have proved inimical; and by the middle of that century a May-pole was a rarity, and May Day celebration a tradition. It was oddly kept up in London by chimney-sweeps, who performed a kind of May Day show and collected contributions from the onlookers. It was kept up in rural districts by milkmaids. It was more or less everywhere kept up by children. So it became, and in some places I dare say still is, a juvenile celebration, as has been expressed by a famous poet in the early eighteen hundreds:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,—
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Happiness goes out from the heart before it comes in.

It never by any chance stays at home.

You can harvest it for the common good, but you cannot store it for your individual use.

You can lend it but you cannot borrow it.

You can earn it but you cannot buy it.

You can spend it but you cannot accumulate it.

A man must contribute to the stock of human joys before he can participate in its profits.

To seek happiness without giving it is a futile quest.

Happiness never really was any good in this world but to give away.

—*The Cheerful Philosopher.*

The sin of the heart is hate.
The sin of the mind is insincerity.
The sin of the spirit is fear.
The sin of the will is indecision.

—*Frank Lloyd Wright.*

TOYS AND THEIR MAKERS

St. Ulrich looks not unlike one of those Swiss industrial villages, of which there are many off the beaten track of tourist travel. Neatness is paramount. Many houses have their windows decorated with flowers, from ground to garret. There are plenty of hotels, and even private houses, where rooms may be had, and so scrupulously clean are such rooms, that they literally must force the careless to contract good habits of order. There are even quite pretentious villas, in this Alpine environment. In contrast to the almost citified aspect of some of the houses, brown barns are freely sprinkled about, built in a manner peculiar to the valley, namely, with galleries running completely around, sometimes two and three stories high, where hurdles of grain hang to dry, and the carvers expose their wood to weather.

St. Ulrich and neighboring villages of the Grödnerthal send a great supply of toys to the various parts of the world. Some of the largest houses in the village are used to store these local products. . . . Upon entering, you find long shelves full of playthings in packages, vast rooms lined with these shelves; whole floors, for example, teeming with jointed dolls, measuring anywhere from half an inch to twenty-four inches in length, and costing from two kreuzers to three florins the dozen. There are piles of horses, painted brown, gray, or yellow, spotted horses, and horses with curious conventional black lines on their backs, such as no real horse ever ventured to possess. Other animals are there in full force, destined to go into Noah's arks. Certain firms make a specialty of little wagons, others of monkeys, climbing sticks.

Almost the whole population of the valley, men, women and children, are engaged in carving these toys, doing their work with incredible deftness, and by a system of minute subdivision of labor. One family, by tradition and heredity alike, is devoted to dolls, another to horses, or to cats and dogs, camels and elephants, or possibly to Noah's arks. It is astonishing to see with what rapid skill the characteristics of a maned lion, a sneaking fox, or a fetching poodle, will be whittled out of a square piece of wood. The products of this work, of course, have become mechanical and stereotyped in appearance. Although certain simple contrivances are now used for the manufacture of dolls, the animals are still entirely carved by hand. Figurines, wearing different Tyrolese costumes, require special care, and show a considerable advance in artistic treatment over mere toys.

It is no unusual sight to see an old woman, tending her cows on the slope and whittling the while, as in another valley she would probably be knitting a stocking. At the end of the week some member of the family generally carries the result of the week's labor to the great storehouse of the firm which controls the family output.

—From "The Fair Land Tyrol," by W. D. McCrackan.

I wonder how the other side will be
When I have finished weaving all my thread;
I cannot see the pattern nor the end
Of this great piece of work which is for me;
I only know that I must weave with care
The colors which are given me day by day
And make of them a fabric firm and true,
Which will do service for my fellowmen.
Sometimes the colors are so dark and gray
I doubt if there be any line or trace
Of beauty there, but all at once there comes
A thread of gold, or fair bright blue, or rose
As deep as that at sunset after rain,
And then I know that there will always be
That one bright spot to cherish, yes, to keep,
And, maybe, 'gainst its ground of darker hue,
It will be beautiful.

—Mary Miles Colvin.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BIRD'S SECRET

Betty was a bright little girl, but not always a happy one. She lived with her mother and daddy in a nice big white house, with apple trees at the side and front of it. The yard was big, with a play house, a swing and a sand box to keep Betty happy; and when she rode her bicycle, her dog would race with her, barking, as if to say, "Isn't this fun?"

Don't you think Betty should have been a happy little girl every day? But let me tell you what often happened. When Betty awoke, instead of saying a happy "Good morning!" to her mother and daddy, she would begin almost at once to find something to grumble about. In the crossest voice and with the crossest look on her face, she would say, "I'll not wear that dress today; I don't like it." And then she would begin to cry.

It took her so long to dress that Mother and Daddy had almost finished their breakfast when she came downstairs. And, in fact, they were glad they had finished, for it wouldn't have been pleasant for them to sit at the table with a little girl who was seldom happy and hear her say, "I'll not eat cereal," and with an ugly look, push her food aside.

Later, when she was dressing her doll, she was cross with her, just because she couldn't button her shoe, and she threw her across the floor so hard that the dolly cried. And she wouldn't share any of her toys, when Alice came to play with her. She took things away from her, saying, "That's mine." It wasn't any fun playing with her. So Alice went home, and Betty ran in crying.

Mother felt sorry for Betty. She loved her little girl very much, but not the naughty things she said and did. She remembered what a dear little baby she had been, with a sweet smiling face; and she knew, too, that her same little girl and smiling face were here now. They never had gone away, they were only being covered up with cross and unhappy thoughts that really were not a part of her.

One night, when Betty had been put to bed, she said sadly, "I haven't had a happy day today; no one wanted to play with me, or do anything for me."

Now Mother knew why Betty had been so unhappy all day. She was sorry for her and wanted to help her to be happy. So she said, "Betty, every morning when I wake up, I hear the birds singing the sweetest 'Good morning!' to me, to the flowers, and to the other birds. They sing because they are happy and they want to make everybody else happy, too. And when they finish their songs, they fly away, and all the rest of the day is a happy day for them, because they began it by singing and being happy instead of being cross and unkind. That's their secret for a happy day."

Betty listened very carefully. "Mother," she said, "I know now why I haven't been happy, and why Alice didn't stay and play with me. Do you think I could be like the birds tomorrow morning?"

Mother said she knew she could, if she tried. "I'll call you early if you'd like to hear the birds singing their cheery 'Good morning!'" she said. Betty was delighted and soon fell asleep.

Early the next morning, just as it was getting light, Mother woke Betty and together they listened for the birds. It was all so still, everything seemed to be asleep.

Suddenly the notes of a bird were heard. It sounded as if it were saying to the other birds, "Wake up, wake up!" In a moment, all the birds burst forth into the sweetest songs, each bird singing his happiest, cheeriest "Good morning!" Betty thought she had never heard a sweeter song. She was grateful that her mother had called her to share the joy these little birds sent out into the world—sweet music for all who would listen.

It didn't take Betty long to dress that morning, and when she came downstairs for breakfast she greeted Daddy with a smiling face. Daddy was both pleased and surprised, you may be sure. A little later, when he left for work, she smiled

again, and do you know, Daddy remembered that happy smile all day and could work much better?

Alice came to play with Betty, and together they had such a good time, sweeping and dusting the play house, taking turns at swinging, and making pies and cakes in the sand box. Never once did they quarrel. When Mother called Betty, she came running to the house, where she found a lovely surprise awaiting her. Mother had a table set with good things, and Alice was invited to stay.

That night, when Betty went to bed, she said, "Mother dear, this has been just the happiest day for me, everyone has been so good to me! They must love me, and I surely love them.

"I know why I have been so happy," she went on. "It's because I've heard, all day, in my heart, the songs the birds sang, and I've tried to sing those same songs, by being kind and loving and making others happy. I'm always going to be your little bird and begin the day with smiling and singing songs of happiness and gratitude. Then the rest of the day will be a happy one. I'm glad I learned the birds' secret for happy days."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE G. O. G. CLUB CROWNS THE KING OF MAY

You have heard of crowning the May Queen, of course, and now you shall hear of crowning the King. It was the seven little girls of the G. O. G. Club who crowned him—the seven little girls and the two little boys whom the seven little girls had invited into the Garden Club—Jack Beanstalk and Johnny-jump-up. And it came about in this way.

One warm May morning—Saturday it was, when there was no school—these nine children started off bright and early with Miss Joyce to go a-Maying. They had been looking forward to it for some time, for, although they lived in a big crowded city, they knew that birds and flowers were waiting for them at Spring Hill, where the G. O. G. Club had such good times last summer at Miss Joyce's little cottage.

They were so happy at the prospect of a day in the country! And then, all at once, it seemed as though it was going to be all spoiled, for Rose's mother, at the last minute, said she didn't see how she could let Rose go, because she herself was going to be very busy at the store and there was no one but Rose to take care of little brother, whose name was William. Everybody looked very sober for a few minutes, and then Jack Beanstalk said, "Why couldn't William come too? We can take care of him as well as of Johnny-jump-up."

Then everybody smiled again, and Rose's mother said, "All right," and off they all went.

William was a sturdy little chap about 3 years old, and quite able to keep up with Johnny-jump-up, who was 5, so they trotted off together, hand in hand. They got off the train when the conductor said "Spring Hill!" and ran across the field and up the little hill to the cottage. Then they all stood still and said, "Oh!" even William. Everything was so lovely! The apple trees in the little orchard were pink and white with blossoms, and the grass underneath was blue and gold with violets and dandelions. They sat down on the grass among the flowers, and the petals of the apple blossoms fell softly around them. William called it snow.

Everybody knows that you can pick all the dandelions you want, and William soon had his hands full. Then they all wandered away into the woods to look for other flowers, but they promised to pick only one of each kind apiece, for many spring flowers, you know, are rare and frail, and are better left where they grow, for all to enjoy. In the meantime Miss Joyce made some cocoa to drink with the luncheon, and soon the children were back in the orchard again.

"William looks like a spring flower himself," said Miss Joyce, "with his sunny smile and yellow rompers."

"Let's make a wreath of dandelions," said Myrtle. So they did.

"Let's take turns wearing it," said Violet. So they did.

"Let's put it on William's head," said Lily. So they did.

And then they all joined hands and danced around William in his golden crown, singing, "William is our May King! William is our May King!" And everybody laughed and clapped for fun, even William.

"William loves flowers as much as anybody," said Rose, "and he takes care of them, too. He put his in water with ours."

"Why not make him a member of the Garden Club?" said Miss Joyce, "and his flower name can be —?"

"Sweet William!" cried everybody, laughing and clapping, even William.

So the Club has another member now. That makes three boys, and the G. O. G. Club is beginning to think that it might as well be called a G. O. B. Club.

Join hands and sing
Dance in a ring,
Crown the small King
in the springtime.
Run, leap and spring,
Dance in a ring,
Who would not sing
in the springtime!

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

BREAK TO THE NEEDY

"Go, break to the needy sweet charity's bread.
For giving is living," the angel said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

—*Rev. Arthur B. Rhinow.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

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